

# With Edged Tools

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN  
Author of "The Sowers," "Roden's Corner," "From  
One Generation to Another," Etc.

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She stood looking blankly at the door which had closed behind three men, one old and two young, and perhaps she realized the fact that such creatures may be led blindly, helplessly, with a single hair, but that that hair may snap at any moment.

She was not thinking of Guy Osgood. Him she had never loved. He had only been one of her experiments, and by his very simplicity, above all, by his uncompromising honesty, he had outwitted her.

It was characteristic of her that at that moment she scarcely knew the weight of her own remorse. It sat lightly on her shoulders then, and it was only later on, when her beauty began to fade, when years came and brought no joy for the middle-aged unmarried woman, that she began to realize what it was that she had to carry through life with her. At that moment a thousand other thoughts filled her mind; such thoughts as one would expect to find there. How was the world to be deceived? The guests would have to be put off, the wedding countermanded, the presents returned. And the world—her world—would laugh in its sleeve. There lay the sting.

"Where are you going?" asked Meredith when they were in the street.

"Home."

They walked on a few paces together.

"May I come with you?" asked Meredith again.

"Certainly; I have a good deal to tell you."

They called a cab, and, singularly enough, they drove all the way to Russell square without speaking. Those two men had worked together for many months, and men who have a daily task in common usually learn to perform it without much interchange of observation. When one man gets to know the mind of another, conversation assumes a place of secondary importance. These two had been through more incidents together than usually fall to the lot of man; each knew how the other would act and think under given circumstances; each knew what the other was thinking now.

The house in Russell square, the quiet house in the corner where the cabs do not pass, was lighted up and astir when they reached it. The old butler held open the door with a smile of welcome and a faint aroma of whiskey. The luggage had been discreetly removed. Joseph had gone to Mr. Meredith's chambers. Guy Osgood led the way to the smoking room at the back of the house—the room wherein the eccentric Osgood had written his great history—the room in which Victor Durnovo had first suggested the scheme to the historian's son.

The two survivors of the originating trip passed into this room together and closed the door behind them.

"The worst of one's own private tragedies is that they are usually only comedies in disguise," said Jack Meredith oracularly.

Guy Osgood granted. He was looking for his pipe.

"If we heard this of any two fellows except ourselves we should think it an excellent joke," went on Meredith.

Osgood nodded. He lighted his pipe, and still he said nothing.

"Hang it," exclaimed Jack Meredith, suddenly throwing himself back in his chair, "it is a good joke."

He laughed softly, and all the while his eyes, watchful, wise, anxious, were studying Guy Osgood's face.

"He is harder hit than I am," he was reflecting. "Poor old Osgood!"

The habit of self-suppression was so strong upon him—acquired as a mere social duty—that it was only natural for him to think less of himself than of the expediency of the moment. The social discipline is as powerful an agent as that military discipline that makes a man throw away his own life for the good of the many.

Osgood laughed, too, in a strangely staccato manner.

"It is rather a sudden change," observed Meredith, "and all brought about by your coming into that room at that particular moment—by accident."

"Not by accident," corrected Osgood, speaking at last. "I was brought there and pushed into the room."

"By whom?"

"By your father."

Jack Meredith sat upright. He drew his curved hand slowly down over his face—keen and delicate as was his mind—his eyes deep with thought.

"The gun?" he said slowly. "The gun?"

He reflected for some seconds.

"Tell me how he did it," he said curtly.

Osgood told him, rather incoherently, between the puffs. He did not attempt to make a story of it, but merely related the facts as they had happened to him. It is probable that to him the act was veiled which Jack saw quite distinctly.

"That is the sort of thing," was Meredith's comment when the story was finished, "that takes the conceit out of a fellow. I suppose I have more than my share. I suppose it is good for me to find that I am not so clever as I thought I was—that there are plenty of cleverer fellows about, and that one of them is an old man of seventy-five. The worst of it is that he was right all along. He saw clearly where you and I were—damnable-

blind."

He rubbed his slim brown hands together and looked across at his companion with a smile wherein the youthful self-confidence was less discernible than of yore. The smile faded as he looked at Osgood. He was thinking that he looked older and graver—more of a middle-aged man who has left something behind him in life—and the sights reminded him of the few gray hairs that were above his own temples.

"Come," he said more cheerfully, "tell me your news. Let us change the subject. Let us throw aside light dalliance and return to questions of money. More important—much more satisfactory. I suppose you have left Durnovo in charge? Has Joseph come home with you?"

"Yes, Joseph has come home with me. Durnovo is dead."

"Dead?"

Guy Osgood took his pipe from his lips.

"He died at Msala of the sleeping sickness. He was a bigger blackguard than we thought. He was a slave dealer and a slave owner. Those forty men we picked up at Msala were slaves belonging to him."

"Ach!" It was a strange exclamation, as if he had burned his fingers. "Who knows of this?" he asked immediately.

The expediency of the moment had presented itself to his mind again.

"Only ourselves," returned Osgood. "You, Joseph and I."

"That is all right, and the sooner we forget that the better. It would be a dangerous story to tell."

"So I concluded," said Osgood in his slow, thoughtful way. "Joseph swears he won't breathe a word of it."

Jack Meredith nodded. He looked rather pale beneath the light of the gas. "Joseph is all right," he said. "Go on."

"It was Joseph who found it out," continued Osgood, "up at the plateau. I paraded the whole crowd, told them what I had found out, and chucked up the whole concern in your name and mine. Next morning I abandoned the plateau with such men as cared to come. Nearly half of them stayed with Durnovo. I thought it was in order that they might share in the scheme. I told them they could have the whole confounded lot of the stuff. But it was not that. They tricked Durnovo there. They wanted to get him to themselves. In going down the river we had an accident with two of the boats, which necessitated staying at Msala. While we were waiting there one night after 10 o'clock the poor devil came alone in a canoe. They had simply cut him in slices. A most beastly sight. I wake up sometimes even now dreaming of it, and I am not a fanciful sort of fellow. Joseph went into his room and was simply sick. I didn't know that you could be made sick by anything you saw. The sleeping sickness was on Durnovo then. He had brought it with him from the plateau. He died before morning."

Osgood ceased speaking and returned to his pipe. Jack Meredith, looking haggard and worn, was leaning back in his chair.

"Poor devil!" he exclaimed. "There was always something tragic about Durnovo. I did hate that man, Osgood! I hated him and all his works."

"Well, he's gone to his account now," said Osgood. "But that does not make him any better a man while he was alive. Don't let us cant about him now. The man was an unmitigated scoundrel. Perhaps he deserved all he got."

"Perhaps he did. He was Marie's husband."

"The devil he was!"

Meredith fell into a long reverie. He was thinking of Jocelyn and her dislike for Durnovo, of the scene in the drawing room, of the bungalow at Loango; of a thousand incidents all connected with Jocelyn.

"How I hate that man!" he exclaimed at length. "Thank God, he is dead, because I should have killed him."

Guy Osgood looked at him with a slow, pensive wonder. Perhaps he knew more than Jack Meredith knew himself of the thoughts that conceived those words, so out of place in that quiet room from those suave and courtly lips.

All the emotions of his life seemed to be concentrated into this one day of Jack Meredith's existence. Osgood's presence was a comfort to him. The presence of a calm, strong man is better than many words.

"So this," he said, "is the end of the scheme. It did not look like a tragedy when we went into it."

"So far as I am concerned," replied Osgood, with quiet determination, "it certainly is the end of the scheme. I have had enough of it. I, for one, am not going to look for that plateau again."

"Nor I. I suppose it will be started as a limited liability company by a German in six months. Some of the natives will leave landmarks as they come down so as to find their way back."

"I don't think so."

"Why?"

Osgood took his pipe from his lips.

"When Durnovo came down to Msala," he explained, "he had the sleeping sickness on him. Where did he get it from?"

(To be continued.)

To some people sin becomes a virtue if viewed through diamonds.

## BIG TARIFF WALL BUILT BY THE JAPS

Will Turn Balance of Trade Against Us.

Consul General Miller, of Yokohama, Advises Reciprocity Treaties at Once.

### THE JAPS ARE STILL FRIENDLY

Seattle, Nov. 19.—United States Consul General Henry B. Miller at Yokohama has issued an emphatic warning to the home government at Washington regarding the trade of this country with the Orient. In a special report now being considered by President Roosevelt, Mr. Miller declares that unless the United States takes immediate and decided steps, this country must see itself outstripped in the Orient and must see Japan constantly increasing her exports to the United States, while becoming less and less a customer of this country.

Mr. Miller recommends reciprocity with Japan and the creation, in the place of the minor consulates, of a corps of commercial agents or attaches under the consul general.

As in war, so in commerce, according to Mr. Miller, the nation which copes with Japan commercially must be well equipped and will find in Japan an opponent which is a united country of 45,000,000 people with but a single thought, "Nippon."

### Hit by New Tariff.

Mr. Miller is now at his farm in the state of Washington, where he is securing needed rest, having returned to this country early in October. The cause of his special report is to be found in the new tariff law, which the Japanese government has recently passed and which went into effect October 1 last. This tariff Mr. Miller believes to be a great menace to American trade.

"There is a splendid field for reciprocity," he said, "and if the United States misses the opportunity it seems to me that it will be a very sad mistake. As a matter of fact the tariff which the Japanese have established is a severe blow to our export business. Under the new law the only product of the United States which is admitted into Japan free of duty is cotton, which the Japanese need to feed the many manufactories which they have built. Prior to the passage of this law the Japanese admitted free to duty only 28 percent of American products, while the United States admits free into this country 79 percent of Japanese products. It does not take an expert mathematician to tell where this sort of thing will lead, the United States."

"All reports to the contrary, Japan can be depended upon to do everything possible to placate the United States and retain our friendship," continued Mr. Miller. "This, being the fact, it would be a comparatively easy matter at this time."

### START NEW COMPANY.

Threat of New York Life Insurance Agents.

New York, Nov. 19.—That agents of the New York Life Insurance company are preparing to form an insurance company with a capital stock of \$2,000,000 if the administration of trustees of that company be defeated in the election now progressing, was claimed today by W. O. B. Clifford, a general agent of the company in this city. Mr. Clifford said the agents intend to elect Thomas A. Buckner, now vice-president of the New York Life Insurance company, as president of the new company, and that they have already subscribed to \$1,100,000 of its stock.

### NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

List of new subscribers added by the East Tennessee Telephone Company today:

694—Rollin, C. H., 806 Ohio.

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2954—Moss, Carl, 723 South Fourth.

2955—Roper, C. C., 309 Clements.

2956—Burkholder, T. H., 1728 Jefferson.

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We have in the city over 3,000 subscribers or five times as many as the independent company; outside the city and within the county we have 63 times as many subscribers as the independent company. Yet it will place a telephone in your residence at the same rate the independent company is supposed to charge, and provide in addition, long distance facilities which will enable you to reach fully fifty million people from your home.

Call 300 for further information.

## ENJOYS DOG MEAT IN DASH TO POLE

Sufferings of Perry And His Men Described

Esquimaux Almost Insane From Hunger and Forced Out of Way by Storm.

### CLARKE'S PARTY WENT ASTRAY.

New York, Nov. 19.—A special from Sydney, N. S., gives some details of the hardships endured by Lieut. Perry and his men. The steamer Roosevelt steamed through the barrier of 8227 degrees north, where winter quarters were taken up, being the farthest north winter quarters in the history of Arctic exploration.

Arrangements to secure the ship and make all comfortable were completed by Feb. 7, 1906, and on that day Perry, with his Esquimaux and three teams of dogs, made his start for the pole. Other parties also went out in charge of Capt. Bartlett, Dr. Wolfe, R. G. Maroon, J. Clark and M. Ryan, respectively. These were relief parties, and they kept fifty miles apart. During the first part of the journey moderate weather prevailed and Perry made good speed. Before his return to his ship, 117 days later, however, terrible suffering from hunger and privation was endured. Undeterred, Perry pushed further forward into the Arctic night, until he reached the highest point ever reached by any explorer, 87.06 north latitude, within 123 miles of the pole.

A fierce snowstorm drove the party out of its course. Perry immediately set out to recover his lost course, but before he succeeded hunger threatened to drive the Esquimaux mad, and Perry was compelled to kill some of his dogs. The commander enjoyed the luxury of dog meat equally as well as his Esquimaux. When Perry returned to the ship only three dogs out of the seventeen remained, fourteen having been eaten. Musk ox and deer killed on the road by Esquimaux helped the famished men.

Clarke, with one of the relief parties, also went astray, and he was compelled to kill some of his dogs to provide food. Clarke, it appears, was unable to find his way back, but Perry luckily came across his tracks and went to Clarke's rescue. Clarke, it is stated, has not yet recovered from his trying experience.

### Perilous Return.

The other relief parties also suffered, but all went through the ordeal with heroic fortitude. Ryan's party ran short of food and had to eat some of the dogs.

While the attempt to reach the pole was attended with great danger the homeward passage was accomplished amid even greater peril. After getting out of the ice, the trip struggled on in most boisterous weather. Storm followed storm with ever increasing force. For sixty-eight days the steamer was practically at the mercy of the waves and ice, and in that time covered only 200 miles.

Contact with the ice broke away two blades of her propeller, and the stern post, and also the rudder post, and otherwise damaged her stern. A gale carried the foremast mast overhead with the foremast, and damaged the bow.

After vainly trying to reach Victoria Head, where food was stored, the Roosevelt, on Sept. 16, continued the voyage south. A little fine weather followed, and then another storm came on. The statement is made that if the ship had been less strongly constructed the expedition would have come to grief.

After battling with the elements for days, Cape York was reached, and then, coal having run short, an attempt was made to continue under sail. This failed.

On Oct. 1, a hurricane started the jury rudder, which had been rigged, and a few days later the rudder broke away and another had to be rigged.

Hebron was reached on Oct. 11, where some wood was secured, but this soon gave out and fittings were used for fuel. At Hopetide, which was reached next, more food and a few tons of coal were secured, the latter from the steamer Virginia Lake through the kindness of Mr. Parsons, her captain. This coal enabled the Roosevelt, which had now been battered so that she could steam only four knots an hour, to reach Battle Harbor.

Perry brought back 300 musk ox and other skins, several domesticated wolves, ten Esquimaux dogs, a boat that was used in the polar expedition of 1872-73 and some cartridges brought by the same expedition.

Perry's present plan is to take on coal when he reaches Sidney and sail at once for New York.

He says he has not given up hope of reaching the pole, but his next

## Eminent Doctors Praise Its Ingredients.

We refer to that boon to weak, nervous, suffering women known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Dr. John Fyfe one of the Editorial Staff of the Eclectic Medical Review says of Unicorn root (*Hellinella Dioica*) which is one of the chief ingredients of the "Favorite Prescription":

"A remedy which invariably acts as a uterine invigorator and makes for normal activity of the entire reproductive system." He continues "in Hellinella we have a medication which more fully answers the above purposes than any other drug with which I am acquainted. In the treatment of diseases peculiar to women it is seldom that a case is seen which does not present some indication for this remedial agent." Dr. Fyfe further says: "The following are among the leading indications for Hellinella (Unicorn root). Pain or itching in the back, with leucorrhoea; atonic (weak) conditions of the reproductive organs of women, mental depression and irritability, associated with chronic diseases of the reproductive organs of women, constant sensation of heat in the region of the kidneys; menorrhagia (flooding, due to a weakened condition of the reproductive system); amenorrhoea (suppressed or absent monthly periods), arising from or accompanying an abnormal condition of the digestive organs and anemic (thin blood) habit; dragging sensations in the extreme lower part of the abdomen."

If more or less of the above symptoms are present, no invalid woman can do better than take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, one of the leading ingredients of which is Unicorn root, or Hellinella, and the medical properties of which it most faithfully represents.

Of Golden Seal root, another prominent ingredient of "Favorite Prescription," Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Medical College, Chicago, says: "It is an important remedy in disorders of the womb. In all catarrhal conditions, and general debility, it is useful."

Prof. John M. Scudder, M. D., late of Cincinnati, says of Golden Seal root:

"In relation to its general effects on the system, there is no medicine in use about which there is such general unanimity of opinion. It is universally regarded as the tonic useful in the debilitated states."

Prof. Bartholow, M. D., of Jefferson Medical College, says of Golden Seal: "Valuable in uterine hemorrhage, menorrhagia (flooding) and congestive dysmenorrhea (painful menstruation)."

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purpose is an exploration of Labrador. For this project he has already in his possession a model of a steamer which he will have built.

### ORDER FOR 430 MILES OF PIPE.

Oil Tubing From Indian Territory to Gulf to Cost \$8,000,000.

Pittsburg, Nov. 19.—The National Tube company has received one of the largest single orders for pipe in its history—430 miles of eight-inch tube for the Mellon interests. It will take the big plants of the company at McKeesport and Lorain a long time to fill the order. The pipe is to be used in connecting the Indian Territory oil fields of the J. M. Guffey Petroleum company, of which the Mellons are large owners, with the refinery at Port Arthur, Texas, so that crude petroleum can be piped direct from the well to the refinery. It is estimated that the cost of the pipe will be \$6,000,000 and the laying at least \$2,000,000 more, making a total expenditure of \$8,000,000.

Angels are realized ideals. That is why they are found only in an idealistic place called heaven.

Character is the sculptor that fashions nobleness out of the common clays of humanity.

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Of all the diseases known, with which the female organism is afflicted, kidney disease is the most fatal, and statistics show that this disease is on the increase among women.

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Mrs. Emma Sawyer, Conyers, Ga.

Mrs. Pinkham gives free advice to women; address in confidence, Lynn, Mass.

He says he has not given up hope of reaching the pole, but his next



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